

Immigration,

Sweat, Black oil and White Sand

By: Roland W. Peterson

It was in nineteen thirty four
When the immigrants set foot ashore
A long journey across the Caribbean Sea
On this island they wanted to be
No more cutting sugar cane
And looking for work in vane

With little in hand
They came to the Promised Land
They left everything behind
Now they are on this island of mine

Long days of hard work in the sun
No time for having fun
On this island in the sun

Then came the war that was fought and won
They all stayed on this island in the sun
They mixed their sweat with black oil and white sand
Today see how wonderful we stand
All on this island, the Promised Land

Then came the day
They had to go away
Back to their land
Now with some thing more in their hand
Troubled in their heart
Oh... how difficult it was to depart

Today as I travel the other islands
And visit unknown places
I recognize several familiar faces

After many embraces
We sat under the big Mango tree
Reminiscing and telling stories of how it used to be
After many jokes, laughter and some tears
It was time for me to go

As I sat in the iron bird
Heading back to my island in the sun
It suddenly dawned upon me
Did we ever tell them ... Thanks ?